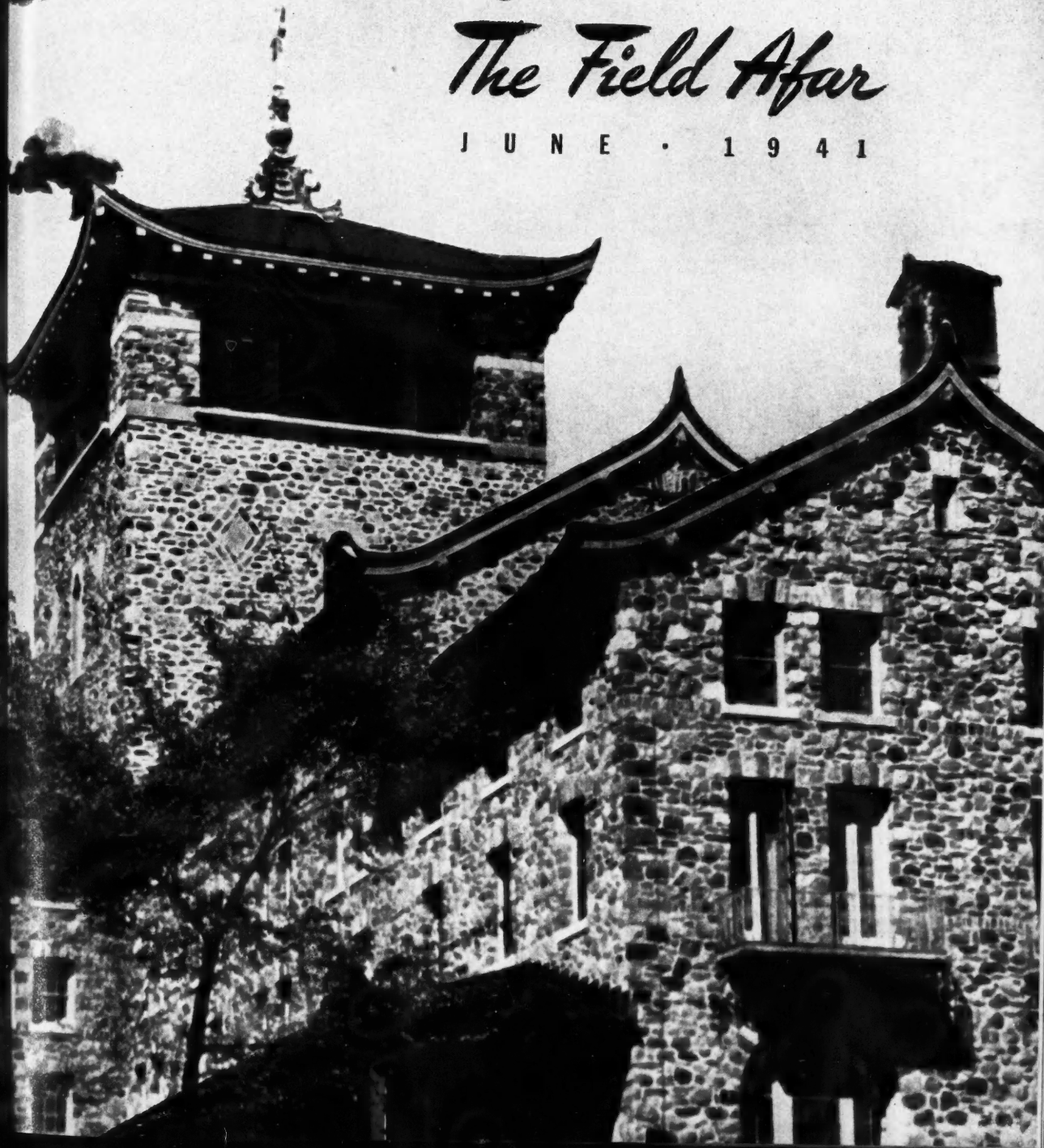


# Maryknoll

*The Field Afar*

J U N E • 1 9 4 1





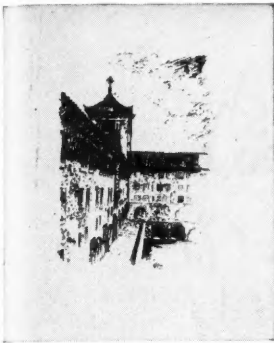
Thirty years ago, on June 29, 1911, the cofounders of Maryknoll knelt before Pope Pius X, in Rome, and received from him authorization and blessing to establish a national foreign-mission society in the United States of America. In this brief span of thirty years, under God, Maryknoll has been privileged to bring into the lives of millions of human beings, in far corners of the earth, something of the peace and joy of Christ.

MA

tion  
tral  
kno  
sem  
mis  
var  
try.  
wel  
arch  
the  
mis  
Pop  
191  
the  
par  
Ma  
am  
sou  
"C  
ciety

Ma  
Rev  
Fire  
Cap  
Mo  
5; C  
Lou  
Rev  
Wo  
Clo  
Ma  
Rel  
Rev  
Gro  
cre  
24;  
Rev

SU  
yea  
yea  
Ma  
Ent  
N.  
cep  
of  
110  
ize



# Maryknoll

## HORIZONS

**MARYKNOLL** is an American foundation for foreign missions. Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of missionaries are maintained in various sections of the country. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the hierarchy of the United States as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by Pope Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. • Our legal title is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

### IN THIS ISSUE

Maryknoll's Anniversary. Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, 2; Fire and Ice, Rev. Joseph H. Cappel, 4; Eyes for the Blind, Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, 5; Off and on the Avenue, Rev. Louis H. Hater, 10; Branded, Rev. Paul S. Welty, 11; Shinto Worship and Buddhist, Rev. Clarence J. Witte 12; Sixteen Maryknoll Sons, G. J. K., 20; Religion Comes to the Colonel, Rev. Edward A. McGurkin, 21; Grandmother Loh's Great Secret, Rev. Alonso E. Escalante, 24; Sail Away to Punczhou, V. Rev. Charles F. McCarthy, 26.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 a year; \$3 for four years; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Address: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.

VOLUME XXXV, NO. 6  
JUNE, 1941

**FATHER OF BOYS TOWN** The boys of Boys Town could never become the men of Boys Town they are, had it not been for the world-wide heart of the Father of Boys Town, Monsignor Edward J. Flanagan, who has found that by stretching his boys' interests to all lands he is able to make them bigger men in every sense of the



word. Father Flanagan says: "My boys have a deep interest in the missions, and many of them correspond with various missionaries. I am glad of this, because I have always had a wide interest in your missionaries. They are giving great service; they will receive a great reward." And Maryknoll says the same of you, Father!

### BLOOD OF MARTYRS

Reverend Bernard J. Cullen, Director of the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, is an old friend who comes to our hilltop often. Not long ago he brought some of his Indian boys to show them the place where American missionaries are being trained for a life similar to that of the priests who brought the Faith to this land. Among the Indian boys was Aloysius Bird Walking who, on seeing the Martyrs' Shrine in the Seminary chapel, exclaimed: "Our priests always have to die to make people good Catholics! Sister told us in school that our religion is strong among us Indians, because some



priests died to make it that way." Aloysius expressed a great truth and, unwittingly perhaps, showed the deep thought of Catholic Indian boys.

**DIVINE BREAD-LINES** Dorothy Day, author of *House of Hospitality*, sees to it that Catholic Workers everywhere consider all mankind as objects of their care, and the missions share daily in their prayers and sacrifices. Says Miss Day: "Our contact with missionaries has made us feel how vast is the apostolate and how close we all are; how alike the work is, whether in the slums of New York or Shanghai. Missioners appreciate above all others our technique of voluntary poverty and the works of mercy as a means of reaching people, because these are their own techniques." We like her world-wide charity.



**LIAISON OFFICER** Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, managing editor of the Baltimore "Catholic Review," recently made a statement about mission work that we like to pass on. "The Catholic missions," he said, "are the signposts of the advance of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Press is the liaison officer by which our Catholics are informed of the work of the missions, so that they, by a knowledge of the sacrifices, the trials, and the success of the missionaries, may be enrolled to support the advance."



# Maryknoll's Anniversary

**E**VERY priest is impressed with the meaning and beauty of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* each time he hears it. However, when praying in St. Peter's in Rome, the basilica of the Holy Father, or passing through the corridors of the Vatican to a chapel in which the Pope kneels, we find ourselves caught in a special way by the grandeur of the literal meaning of the age-old orisons.

At such times the *Veni Creator* brings home to us with great forcefulness the fact that the Church prays ceaselessly and thinks ceaselessly in terms of all men over the earth.

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind,  
Come pour thy joys on humankind."

It is a keen realization of the Church's deep concern for all humankind which gives me such special interest in Maryknoll, now celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation.

As Americans we are proud of the state of the Church in this country, and happy to point to it as possessing a vigor and spiritual depth which rank it with the best Christian life in some of the greatest ages of the Church's history. As a final and crowning proof of this, we signalize our ever-increasing participation in the Church's task of carrying the Gospel to all men. A dominant factor in our mission activities is our Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

During my early years in the ministry, all those with whom I labored held in deep esteem a priest formerly of the Archdiocese of Boston, Father James Anthony Walsh. We knew him as one who possessed an all-consuming desire to achieve an ideal, one who lived and worked in-

tensely and yet who maintained a personal charm and a delightful humor which made him a welcome member of every circle.

Father Walsh had been the diocesan director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Boston, and, while laboring with the priests of his archdiocese to aid the Church's missions by material help, he saw clearly that America should do more, that it should send its sons and daughters as apostles overseas.

"When our young men and young women," he wrote while in Boston, "begin to take their places in the ranks of the soldiers of Christ on the battlefield of foreign missions, the task of keeping up the people's interest in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will be a comparatively easy one."

In 1910 Father Walsh met Father Price, a missionary in North Carolina and an esteemed friend of Cardinal Gibbons; and in the spring of 1911 the two priests presented the idea of a Catholic foreign-mission society to the American hierarchy gathered in Washington. The hierarchy took the exceptional step of approving the establishment of such a society and instructed the two priests to proceed to Rome and place the matter before the Holy See.

Thus it comes about that in this month of June we are observing an anniversary, for it was on June 29, 1911, that Pope Pius X of saintly memory signed the decree which made the Society, now popularly known as *Maryknoll*, a reality.

Catholics of America today are greatly interested in foreign missions. I am fired with admiration and enthusiasm as I learn of the sacrifices which my clergy, my people, the young folk in my schools, make for the spread



of the Faith. Since our foreign-mission Society was founded, a strong development has taken place in the life of the religious orders of our country, and almost all of them have a small contingent overseas, while a few of them have sent very substantial numbers into the pagan fields. This is as the Holy See desires it.

In this general mission movement, I note a certain special affection for Maryknoll, and I think this may exist for two reasons.

In the first place, Maryknoll, as I have already briefly indicated, has grown out of the very bosom of the Church in America. As an institution it was not conceived abroad and did not merely come to our shores with a request for consideration. There was a void in the life of the Church in America; and almost spontaneously we, the priests and people of America, sought to fill that void by creating an instrument by which we could send flesh and blood into the world struggle for Christ. Thus came about the foundation of Maryknoll.

In the second place, the spirit of the founders, which was the thoroughly American spirit of a deep and practical understanding of, and cooperation with, America's clergy and America's Catholic people, has, in the providence of God, characterized the development of Maryknoll. Time and again the comment has been made in this country:

"Yes, Maryknoll knows it has its work to do, but it possesses the happy faculty of recognizing that many others, as well, have serious work to do and heavy burdens to carry."

The gift seems an incidental one, but it is a beautiful one. As the young Society faces the future, it is my earnest prayer that it may continue to characterize its efforts by its attractive cheerfulness, by generous recognition of other men's problems, by the ability to make us

all feel that it is not selfishly consumed with its own special task but that it strives in common with all priests and people to promote the Church's ideals.

Doctor Kirby of the Catholic University was wont to describe the priest as the "prophet of the better hope." In the darkened world of our day, every priest, Brother,



*By* HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REV. FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN, D.D.,  
ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK

and Sister should be such a prophet, a standard bearer of the finer things. Certainly, those choice companies from among the offspring of America, whom we send with Christ's message over the ocean, must in a special manner be "prophets of the better hope." They must represent the epitome of everything that goes to form noble gentlemen, sterling products of the culture of the West, loyal sons of the Church, gallant heralds of Him who desires to be the Light of the World.



# Fire and Ice

**By** *REV. JOSEPH H. CAPPEL*

**B**y that infallible source of information, the Bamboo Wireless, word had come to our ears at Chukochin that there was a little group of fallen-away Christians in a village a good day's journey away. I decided to go out there and see for myself. I awoke with the remembrance that this was the day chosen for the trip; but, when I struck a match and saw that the thermometer outside my window registered 30° below zero, I almost decided to wait for warmer weather.

Then I picked up my meditation book, and the Scripture text startled me: "But, because thou are lukewarm, and neither cold, nor hot, I will begin to spew thee out of my mouth."

I began to compare the days of my first fervor, as pastor, with the present. In those days nothing could stop me: mission trips had to be made whether the thermometer registered 105° in the shade, or 25° below zero. I even had to be warned to be a little more careful of my health. In those days catechumens and baptisms increased in number; the Christians cooperated wholeheartedly with me in attending funerals and in daily visiting of the sick; the two sodalities were reorganized, and the children's Sunday School seethed with zeal; several fallen-away Christians returned to the sacraments; and a number of new mission stations sprang up.

But then came the time when my best catechist lost the Faith. His mission station was scandalized, and three-fourths of the Christians fell away. The sodality members became too busy to visit the sick any more; catechists complained about difficulty in getting new catechumens.

The ringing of the Mass bell cut in upon my reveries. I recalled that

the day was Friday, and the Mass intention should be for Maryknoll benefactors—those hidden missionaries back at home. I remembered that some of them live and work in colder climates than I; others, although continuously offering prayers and mortifications for the missions, never have the consolation of seeing or even hearing of one baptism due to their efforts; still others make great sacrifices of time, food, clothes, and sleep, to scrape together that dollar to support me for a day. My heart was filled with gratitude as I said Mass that morning.

Afterwards, glancing around, I was surprised that so great a number had come out in such bad weather. That glance reminded the catechist of something, too, for he rushed up and whispered, "Old Regina, up the river, wants you to bring her Communion."

"Well," I thought, "the old fervor of the Christians isn't gone, after all." And as I walked up the middle of the street, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, I decided to make the day's journey to visit that fallen-away group. The fire of Our Lord's love is needed by the fallen-aways as much as—perhaps more than—by those who remain loyal. How could I think of letting the ice of 30° below stop me when I carry His fire to ice-bound hearts!

The logical sequence to this story should be that the fallen-aways all came back because of my visit, but I am sorry to say that that was not the case. However, one of them who was merely lukewarm made his confession, promised greater devotion, and even went so far as to assure me that he would start working on the others. My next visit should find the ice melted.

# Eyes for the Blind

*By* MOST REV. ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

**D**ISEASES of the eye are very common in China and often cause total blindness. Many people become blind in childhood, and others "heal themselves blind" by using drastic herb remedies for sore eyes. There is little that can be done for these people medically. Unfortunately, most of them are of families who have to work hard for a living; and, as they cannot do their share of profitable labor, they are just a burden on the rest of the family.

Blind men with a little ambition can earn a few cents daily as fortunetellers, masseurs, and musicians. A common sight in the market place is the blind fortuneteller sitting at his little table. Some of these "prophets" become locally famous for making the right guesses. Throughout the night the deserted streets resound with the cling-clang of the blind masseur's gong and the tap of his stick on the bricks, as he strolls along waiting for some one to call him in to thump aching muscles.

For the blind women, life is not so easy. A blind girl is decidedly out of luck. She is no profit to her parents, and nobody wants to marry her. So she is pushed out into the street with a begging bowl, or sold into a worse life.

The local city government may have a home for the blind, but it is little more than a roosting place, whence they sally forth to sing their begging songs at the doors of shops and houses. Our missionaries, because of lack of room and funds, have not been able to do as much for the blind as we should like to do.

Besides a few blind girls among our orphans, Kong-moon Vicariate has a little asylum for the blind. In it are about twenty-five girls, who had been thrown out of pagan families. Of course they are fervent Catholics now, having learned the catechism and many prayers wholly by ear. With great patience the Sisters have trained them well. They do much of the work around their home: grinding their daily rice, and other such jobs as can be done by touch. To contribute somewhat to their own support, they have been taught to make fish nets. However, other people make fish nets, too, so the supply is greater than the demand. We are looking ahead to the time when we can afford to engage some one to teach these girls more profitable handiwork. Meanwhile the urgent object is to provide them with rice and clothing.

Blind girls are taught by the Sisters to make fish nets.





**The enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home has become a very popular devotion in the Orient. How it has sanctified homes and families is told here by some of our missionaries**

# Sacred Heart,

"I asked him if he wanted to hear about the good God who loved him. He did, so I explained the principal doctrines to him. I told him that God the Father sent His only Son to die for men's sins; that the Sacred

Heart of this Divine Son poured forth its Precious Blood for him and me. Sister had a badge of the Sacred Heart with her, and she pinned it to his shirt.

"I then asked the mother if she had any objections to his receiving baptism. She said that she had none. Then I asked the lad—he was only fifteen—if he wanted to be baptized.

"He said, 'Yes! I want to be with this Heart, which has loved me so much.'

"I baptized him Paul, for the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and after supper I went back to anoint him.

"During Mass the next day, I heard a woman sobbing outside the chapel door, and I knew that little Paul's soul had gone to the Sacred Heart. After Mass I went with the sorrowing mother to her little home. There she told me that, after baptism, Paul complained no more of suffering, and that he passed away peacefully, uttering the little ejaculation which I had taught him: 'Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me.'

**M**ORE than twenty-five years ago, Pope Benedict XV commissioned a priest, Father Matheo Crawley, "to enkindle the flames of love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Catholic families." His Holiness stipulated: "Above all, let your efforts and labors tend to this—it is Our will—that to every home where you apply, this love may come as a result of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, of His truth and of His law, such as He Himself has given us."

Ever since that day this holy priest has traveled into every land, preaching the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home. More recently he has conducted spiritual exercises in many missions of the Orient, and has left with his hearers the desire to spread this devotion among the people. The effects of this devotion have been widely noted by Maryknollers in the field.

From Maryknoll in Pingnam, Kwangsi Province, South China, Father Thomas Langley writes:

"There are millions in China who have not yet heard of the Sacred Heart—of the Heart that suffered and died that men might live. But how are they to know if no man tell them? There are millions thirsting for this love of the Sacred Heart, but how are they to obtain it, unless they come in contact with the Sacred Heart?"

"In my few years in China, I have seen many manifestations of the love of the Sacred Heart. I shall relate one instance.

"The pastor had gone out on a three-day mission trip, and I was left in charge of the mission. One afternoon a woman came, asking if I would go to her son who was ill. I followed the woman along the old city wall, not a great distance from the mission, and found on the bed in a dark room a lad in the last stages of consumption. He had not long to live.

The Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart was read by a Filipino girl. On page 7: Two Chinese youngsters present their parents with a picture for the enthronement.





# Sacred Home

"Paul, resting on the Sacred Heart, must have whispered to Him in behalf of his mother and little brother, for not long afterwards they, too, sought that love which can come only from God."

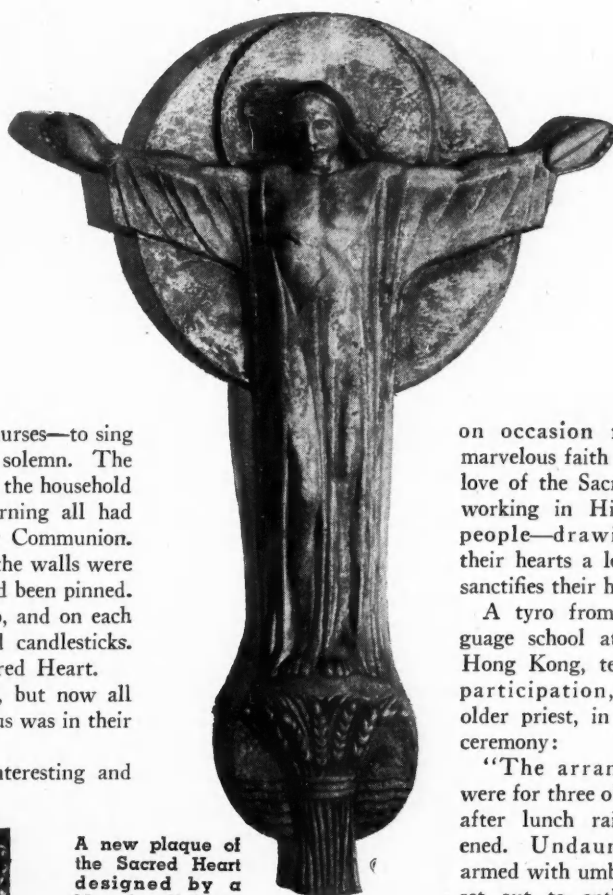
From Manila, in the Philippine Islands, Father Russell Hughes writes:

"Recently I took part in the ceremony of blessing and enthroning a picture of the Sacred Heart in a Catholic home here. Three Sisters and a group of nurses—to sing hymns—helped to make the ceremony more solemn. The whole family was present, and the father of the household read the Act of Consecration. That morning all had gone to confession and had received Holy Communion.

"The room was spotlessly clean, and on the walls were hung clean sheets to which paper flowers had been pinned. In one corner a little altar had been set up, and on each side were clusters of artificial flowers and candlesticks. In the center stood the picture of the Sacred Heart.

"Life had been hard for this household, but now all their troubles were going to be shared. Jesus was in their home to comfort them.

"Our visits to these homes are very interesting and



A new plaque of the Sacred Heart designed by a Maryknoll Sister

on occasion reveal a marvelous faith as well as love of the Sacred Heart working in His beloved people—drawing from their hearts a love which sanctifies their homes."

A tyro from the language school at Stanley, Hong Kong, tells of his participation, with an older priest, in a similar ceremony:

"The arrangements were for three o'clock, but after lunch rain threatened. Undaunted, but armed with umbrellas, we set out to enthrone the Sacred Heart in two homes in the village.

"The first house was a tiny, stone-block pile that sheltered two families. Half the house was already dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the other half probably to Buddha. A beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart reposed in a little shrine built against the main wall. Before it burned two lighted candles and a glass of peanut oil. One night each week, kneeling before this little shrine, the family gathers to spend an hour of reparation for the sins that are then being committed throughout the world.

"We exchanged a 'God bless you!' with these smiling, friendly, devout people and went quickly on our way to the next house. There we were informed that nine families expected us that afternoon.

"We passed on through devious alleyways, and only with difficulty did we avoid treading on the innumerable chicks, ducklings, kittens, and puppies that frisked about everywhere. But no rain fell!

"Next we blessed a widow's straw mat-shed; after that a cobbler's shop—small, dark, and crowded. The old shoe-repair man greeted us with a toothless smile; then, reaching for his prayer book, he knelt beside us. With genuine emotion we read again the prayers of this age-old ritual of the Church.

"Our escorts led the way up a rickety stairway to a low-ceilinged attic. The occupants were new converts, so we enthroned the Sacred Heart and blessed the house. (Continued on page 25)



# OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS



**T**HE war makes meager the news from the mission world. The Church's world-wide organization remains intact though it grows steadily more anemic as new support and personnel fail to reach the field.

The White Fathers, great society in Africa, report as follows:

"The war has affected our missions more than we foresaw a year ago. The complete mobilization of the French Army took away hundreds of missionaries from their field of work. A certain number of them were freed after the armistice; but, alas! it is now ascertained that nine missionaries, in the prime of youth, were killed or mortally wounded in the horrible battles of the month of June. We have not yet been able to learn the exact number of those missing or prisoners of war. Moreover, some are still with their regiments in Syria or North Africa.

"The invasion of Holland was so rapid that none of our Dutch missionaries could flee; while several Belgian young priests were able to escape on bicycles and reach the south of France, after dodging bombs and machine-gun fire. As for our English young priests, they are still unable to leave North Africa.

"No financial help has been coming to the missions from European countries during the year. Moreover, in some cases, money sent from Rome has failed to reach its destination. Such was the case of the Vicar Apostolic of Navrongo, who has appealed to us in his distress. In every vicariate missionaries are making great sacrifices in order to carry on their work: they do without flour, sugar, and tea; they travel on foot or on bicycles so as to keep their schools and catechumenate going. . . . Several vicars apostolic, however, have had to close their schools and pay off catechists, through lack of funds."

Bishop Biermans, of the Mill Hill missionaries, a great apostle in Uganda years ago, has died in Holland. In

the early days of Maryknoll, Bishop Biermans spent some months on our hilltop. A life of splendid achievement closes at a tragic hour.

The German Holy Ghost Fathers in Nigeria have been removed from that colony and sent to Jamaica in the West Indies, while German missionaries of the same society in South Africa have been interned. German Benedictines in Tanganyika have been allowed to remain at their posts, but American Holy Ghost Fathers have been made sponsors for them.

That Germany has a strong program in mind for Africa is illustrated by the report from London that the French have been instructed by the Germans to commence immediately the construction of the long-talked-of Trans-Saharan Railroad, which will unite the Mediterranean with the Niger River basin in West Africa. An enormous complementary irrigation scheme aims "to make the Niger as fruitful as the Nile." Thus material plans go on apace. Will the Church's task in Africa suffer an eclipse? It should not, so far as concerns our prayers and our determination.

**SEATTLE AND MISSIONS** Seattle's bishop, the Most Reverend Gerald Shaughnessy, organized this spring a diocesan-wide novena for vocations, for within the territory for which he is responsible the priestly laborers are all too few. With gracious generosity, however, he did not limit the prayers of his people to his local needs but included an earnest appeal for missionary vocations.

"Finally," read his message, "lest our prayers be marked with an un-Catholic selfishness, we shall also pray during the novena for an increase of vocations to the foreign missions. God will surely bless the people who send missionaries to foreign lands because it is now a well-understood axiom of the supernatural life of the Church that, in exact proportion to our generosity in giving what we have so liberally received, our undertakings at home will flourish and the number of our priests, Brothers, and Sisters will be increased."

Maryknoll maintains a mission among the Japanese and the Filipinos in Seattle and receives constant testimony that Bishop Shaughnessy is earnestly devoted to this and other missionary problems within the confines of his own diocese.

**THE BRIGHTON ACADEMIA** Forty years ago, on March 27, 1901, Monsignor Tracy, Boston Propagation of the Faith director, founded at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, a mission society known as the *Academia*. A Maryknoll missionary from Korea, Father Thomas Ray, once a Brighton seminarian and a member of the *Academia*, was on hand for the occasion some weeks ago when the society celebrated its anniversary. The program included a paper on Maryknoll's co-founder, Bishop Walsh, and a play, "A Far, Far Better Thing," which was a well thought out dramatization of the death of Father Jerry Donovan.

## Our note pages on men and things missionary

Maryknoll feels very close to the Brighton *Academia*, for it had intimate connections with the Maryknoll beginnings. Bishop Walsh, as successor to Doctor Tracy in the Boston office of the Propagation of the Faith Society, often addressed its assemblies; and during the years of events of future moment, such as the founding of THE FIELD AFAR and later the establishment of the foreign-mission seminary in Ossining, the *Academia* members followed closely every move. Priestly cohorts who were former *Academia* members have served as the backbone of Maryknoll's loyal supporters in Boston. Our congratulations to this old and warm friend of the Knoll!

**PRIEST AT TORPA** Some sixty years ago Father Lievens, a Belgian Jesuit, was the pastor at Torpa; and there he began the remarkable Chota-Nagpur movement, the outstanding movement of conversions in modern India.

Today Father Emmanuel Barla, a native, is one of the priests at Torpa. When Father Lievens began, Father Barla's folks and the entire region in which they lived were pagan. So rapidly and well were the conversions made that when young Emmanuel first left home for his studies he made the remark, "I find my new surroundings quite pagan, a perplexing experience for one who comes from a Catholic country, as I do." The valley in which he was born and in which he knew life, had become as completely Catholic as Brittany or the Tyrol.

Father Barla was always zealous and now participates in a singular triumph of the Chota-Nagpur mission. "With Belgium in its present state, no help will be coming from there for a long time. Still, we trust in the providence of God and will be patient."

It is reassuring that a priesthood is being developed at the Chota-Nagpur mission which, despite its origin from stock which is regarded as among the humblest in all India, should become strong and experienced enough one day to carry the local burdens alone.

**CLOSED DOOR IN CENTRAL ASIA** In Sikkim, the tiny country which lies on the caravan routes between India and Tibet, are stationed missionaries who provide excellent training for boys of different nationalities in the neighborhood. One of

the Swiss monks there writes that recently he received the request that he choose a young man whom he believed

to be thoroughly capable, who could serve with the famous Gurka troops of Nepal. "Added to the request was the note," observes Canon Fox, the writer, "that no Christian could be accepted, by express stipulation of the Government of Nepal."

The countries of Central Asia continue to be closed to the Gospel. No Christian missionary, indeed no Christian, can set foot in them, and in the turbulent years through which we are passing even the missionaries stationed in the border countries, in the hope that an entry may eventually be made, suffer from the upset conditions. A priest and Brother long missing from the leper asylum of Mosimien, near the border between China and Tibet, are now definitely reported as dead. A Father Nussbaum of the same mission has been killed, and a Father Bart of Yunnan Province to the south has also met a violent death. The Divine Word missionaries have labored in recent years in Chinese Turkestan, or Sinkiang, (*Continued on page 28*)



A Benedictine Father of the Wonsan, Korea, mission mounts a new-styled podium to direct his junior seminarians in song.

# Off and on the Avenue

By REV. LOUIS H. HATER

**T**HE town of Dragon Lake has a Fifth Avenue. But let me tell you how different it is from the one in New York.

The Fifth Avenue of which I speak is not wide, nor is it as smooth as glass. One does not find here autos and busses skimming along at top speed. There are no traffic lights and no sound of klaxon; no policemen to regulate traffic. Nor is there the noise of faulty motors

or screeching brakes. Fifth Avenue of Dragon Lake is a narrow, clay-covered street with hardly a vehicle upon it except an occasional sedan chair or a wheelbarrow. And for this reason we find considerable peace and silence, interrupted only by loud

talking or bargaining at the sidewalk open-air stalls.

The scenes, too, are so different: no Empire State Building, no Radio City, no Central Park, no museums, no towering buildings and fancy dress shops. Here the stores are very small. There are cloth shops, barber shops, fish shops, and shops where old kerosene tins are reformed into beautiful dust pans or water funnels. Walk in; look around; buy or don't buy; it's all the same. One does not find counters, marble floors, or well-dressed clerks always ready to greet one with a smile and a sales talk.

At the end of our Fifth Avenue lives a very dear friend of mine, Peter Chen. I remember a time when I was drinking tea with Peter and matching him in the use of chopsticks. On that particular occasion I told Peter of the other Fifth Avenue, with its skyscrapers, its numberless busses and taxicabs, its fine apartments and immaculate shops. Peter looked at me and said: "Spiritual Father, you shoot the big cannon!"

In other words, Peter was telling me that he could not believe my story about Fifth Avenue. It was too magical, too miraculous, and therefore unbelievable to Peter. And—come to think of it—if anyone had told me about the Fifth Avenue of Dragon Lake, with its small shops, with its simple and democratic way of life, it would have wrought much of the same effect on me.



Fifth Avenue shops at Dragon Lake are different.







# Branded

REV. PAUL S. WELTY

THE sun was hot. The air was moist and sticky. Heat rose in oppressive waves from the hard, red, clay road. I had walked far that day under a fierce South China sun, and I was tired and thirsty. I stopped at a small village of four or five mud-brick houses, huddled together for protection.

In the doorway of one of the houses, a man sat smoking his pipe and gazing at me curiously.

"I wonder if I could get a cup of tea here," I remarked tentatively.

The man considered, and then invited me into a dark, cool room. In a moment a little girl, about ten years old, came and poured a cup of hot tea for me. I couldn't help but notice her. Her black hair was brushed straight back from the face, and high on the forehead was a dark, pear-shaped birthmark.

"What are you doing here in China?" my host asked.

"I am a Catholic priest, and I came here to teach my religion to others."

"Ah! I have heard of your religion. My wife belonged to your religion before she married me."

In my mind, I answered him, "She no longer practices her religion because you and your family will not permit her."

As I finished my pot of tea, an older woman, dressed much like the young girl, passed through the room. Her dark hair was combed straight back—and high on the forehead was a pear-shaped birthmark. This is the wife, I thought; the woman who can no longer practice her religion.

"You're not a Christian?" I asked the man.

"No," he replied. "Your religion teaches things contrary to our customs. Why, last year when my wife gave birth to a girl—a blind girl—I told her the child would be useless, to get rid of it in the pond behind the house. She said that God does not permit such things. Such a silly teaching! Waste rice on that useless thing!"

"Suppose it had been a boy?" I inquired gently.

"Ah! That is another thing," he answered.

"Boy or girl," I said, "well, or blind, or crippled, each has a soul."

"I must go to the fields. There is much work to be done—many mouths to feed." He stood up, and I knew that meant my dismissal.

The summer season passed, and the rains started. I was in the chapel one day, fingering my damp breviary, when suddenly my gatekeeper came running.

"Father," he shouted excitedly, "there's a baby out at the gate! It is blind, and I think that it will not live very long."

"Bring it into the sacristy," I told him, as I hustled to get things ready for baptism. I lit several candles, for the sacristy was dark and gloomy.

"Hold the candle closer," I instructed the gatekeeper, who was eager to assist. "I cannot see to pour the water." In the flickering light of the candle, I said the words of baptism.

Then, as the water began to flow over the head of the dying child, I noticed for the first time a dark, pear-shaped birthmark high on the little one's forehead! That family is branded in a new way, now, with the little blind saint in heaven praying for them all.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for June:  
For the conversion of the Shintoists



REV. CLARENCE J. WITTE

## Shinto Worship and Buddhist

**H**ERE on the right we have a Shinto priest in all his ceremonial finery. Behind him, on the shelf, are his offerings of food and wine for the souls of the departed. But how different from our offering of bread and wine! And at his side are his weapons against the devil. How ineffectual compared with the cross, the weapon of our warfare with the Evil One!

The underlying principle in Shinto services is that of purity and purification. It is almost compulsory

to wash the mouth and hands before worshiping, and the frequent ablutions of the body practiced by Shinto priests and devout believers show the paramount importance attached by Shintoism to purification. The impurities from which believers are to be cleansed consist of contact with dead bodies and human blood, and of the evil imaginings of the mind. Divine protection is also invoked against natural evils of all kinds: floods, pestilence, hurricanes, and earthquakes.

Shintoism has no system of theology or of ethics. It is not a religion in the strict sense—but, regarded as a form of religion, it comprises thirteen sects. It teaches the innate goodness of the human heart. "Follow the genuine impulses of your heart" is the essence of its ethical teachings. Its teaching regarding future reckoning for good and bad deeds of the present life is not quite clear, though it explicitly declares that the spirit lives after death.

In Japan proper there are 111,739 shrines of



various grades, from village shrines and shrines without a definite status, to the Great Shrine at Ise. There are thirteen officially recognized Shinto sects in Japan, which are on the same religious footing as are those of the several divisions of Buddhists.

Buddhism, on the other hand, did not arise in Japan until 552 A.D. In the course of years, Buddhist teachers maintained that the Shinto deities were but various manifestations of Buddha. This bold teaching was carried to its logical conclusion with the growth



of two-fold Buddhism (or two-fold Shintoism, speaking from the Shintoist standpoint). Buddhism then became all-powerful, with its two great and rival centers: the monastery on Mt. Koya, near Nara, and that on Mt. Hiei, Kyoto. These became the fountain heads of Buddhist learning. Buddhism has 41,962,000 adherents, and 71,193 temples.

Don't those two ladies above look pious? And doubtless they are pious, but their faith is misplaced. It is a Shinto shrine at which they are praying. But isn't such a religious demeanor worthy of a Catholic church? We must strive to lead them aright, to the God for whom their hearts yearn. We can win them with prayer and sacrifice, and with good example both here and at home. At home—because recently a young student, returning from Columbia University, New York, told us that he had not met a Catholic in the United States nor had he seen one Catholic church in that great metropolis. Have you ever brought an Oriental from your neighborhood into a church? It might mean his salvation.

At the left is the "Daibutsu," or great Buddha of Nara, the largest image of its kind in the world. It has seen a bit of history, too, for it was cast in the year 748. This image is a representation of the "Buddha of Light," seated in contemplation on an open lotus flower. And its worshipers all through the centuries have been seeking the Light which only we can give. Buddhist temples exist everywhere. Hikone alone has dozens of them. And when will Hikone have even one Catholic church—a piece of ground with a building on it that we can call our own? Imagine what one could do!

---

---

# MARYKNOLL

## THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

**M**ARYKNOLL is thirty years old. Its short life spans one of the most crowded and vital, not to say lethal, periods in the world's history. It began in 1911, with the foundation of the Chinese Republic; and it has come down through such world-shaking events as the successful Communist revolution in Russia and the unsuccessful ones in China and Spain, the remaking of maps all over Europe, the rise of the Fascist and Nazi philosophies, the long and tedious conflict in the Orient, the lightning advance of mechanical science, universal social unrest, and two World Wars. Amid this welter of tearing down, the Church has continued to build up, and Maryknoll has been privileged to share in this more laborious and less spectacular process. We have treasured our prerogative of helping to build the kingdom of God in the hearts of men at a time of critical stress. Others must judge if we have built well; we only know that we have built solidly, and that not by any skill of our own, but because we were commissioned to function within the framework of the Church, and thus possessed the instinct to base all our building on the one and only foundation stone, which is Christ.

The actualities of these thirty years of privileged work include a deepening of the mission spirit at home and a widening of the mission effort abroad. We have participated in, and benefited by, the growth of mission interest in America, and we have expanded into every corner of Asia as the expression of our own special mission vocation. If our gains have been modest and our failures many, yet our success has been the success of Maryknoll, while our failures have been our own. As we were apprentices at our trade, it was inevitable that anxious trial and occasional error should punctuate our performance; but from first to last Maryknoll has kept steadily moving ahead, and that is the essential story. This is not to say that we have not known our own little triumphs and

big consolations in the course of our apostolate. Volumes could be added to detail all the zealous efforts and energetic advances achieved by the members of the Society everywhere; but these endeavors are already recorded in the book of heaven and in the hearts of our people, and they can safely await the historian of a future day for any additional exposition. We make light of the anonymous labors of the personnel that forged the success of Maryknoll, since those labors were at best only a slight return on the lavish graces of vocation which we received from the hands of a munificent God.

We have the most critical part of our history behind us, not because it was the most difficult in itself but because it was the most uncharted and uncertain. Doubtless, we shall face greater problems and dangers in the future, but we shall face them with more confidence and less misgiving. We have not accomplished

our aims, which indeed stretch out illimitably before us. But we have learned our work.

Much actual success has blessed our work in the field, but the crucial question for Maryknoll during this testing period has not been the progress of the work so much as the perseverance of the workers. Successes come and reverses go, but missionaries remain. It was early and amply demonstrated that Maryknollers had the skill to perform the work; but did they have the faith to believe in the work, the grace to love the work, the iron to stick to the work? A world in ferment was the stage for their ministry, and the endless turmoil of those upset years involved terrific strain. Pressure so engendered causes an inevitable tendency to bow before the story—to find it the part of wisdom to curtail, or even to discontinue, a work that seems so eternally hampered and surrounded by difficulty and danger, and there are plenty of specious reasons to support such a tendency. Under such conditions it becomes very human and natural to despair of the

## AFTER THIRTY YEARS

By

MOST REV. JAMES E. WALSH, M.M., D.D.

Superior General of Maryknoll



work, although it is also in these very conditions that the work is actually needed most. It is of course essential that the Church maintain its ground when these struggles that determine the destiny of nations are taking place, for the Church is not willing to be absent from the scene



Maryknoll's cofounders,  
Most Rev. James A. Walsh  
and Rev. Thomas F. Price

when the future of the people is at stake. Happily, our missionaries clung to this principle, and the Society that sent them out has had reason to be gratified by the unanimity with which they not only insisted upon remaining at their posts, but also continued energetically to take advantage of their difficult circumstances to push and increase their work. They answered the question in the way Maryknoll hoped they would answer it, and that was not to desert the people in their trials, but to make of those trials so many steppingstones to help the people.

In these thirty years the Society has grown to a membership of 477. Of these 295 are priests, 99 theological students, and 83 Auxiliary Brothers. The non-member

students number 193, bringing the total enlistment of Maryknoll men to 670. The mission harvest for the period reaches the total of 49,809 adult converts; although this figure represents the work of twenty-three years only, since Maryknoll's first mission was opened seven years after its original foundation.

Meanwhile, our support at home proved to be generally encouraging, surprisingly constant, fairly adequate. We found that it required continuous effort and great discretion on our part to stimulate and preserve the flow of mission support from the priests and people of this country; but we are living proof that the mission spirit has grown in America, and that it can be enlisted generously in support of the mission cause when the approach is kept on a high plane and the appeal conducted in a considerate and reasonable manner.

The facts and figures of today reveal a fairly healthy condition for Maryknoll, but we are above all grateful to God for the apostolic courage of our missionaries, for it

is this great grace that writes the story of our essential success. In their persevering zeal they have shown themselves to be what God called them to be when He gave them their missionary vocations, and, if the thirty years had brought us only this assurance, it would be enough to make us feel supremely blessed. We cannot help thinking that this fine result must be due in large measure to the support of prayer. For every person who gives to the missions, there are dozens who pray for the missions. We have always been conscious that we receive a great volume of prayers from two sections of the population seldom in a position to give money;

namely, the religious and the children. This form of support has been faithful and constant, and we hope it will continue to swell and grow, for it is vital to our success.

We think that God omitted no grace or favor needed to develop and sustain the work He created, and it is with full hearts that we thank Him for thirty years of lavish blessings, as we review the goodly story written by the sons of Maryknoll.





**REV. JAMES JORDAN LOGUE**, of the Bronx, New York, has two aunts, Maryknoll Sisters, in the missions. He came to Maryknoll in 1932 from Cathedral College.



**REV. ANTHONY LEONARD MADISON**, of Syracuse, New York, attended St. Vincent's School and Holy Rosary High, before entering Maryknoll in 1932.



**REV. JAMES AUGUSTINE FLAHERTY**, alumnus of St. Joseph's College High, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, entered Maryknoll College in September, 1932.



**REV. JOHN PATRICK TACKNEY**, born in Cootehill, County Cavan, Eire, calls Somerville, Massachusetts, his American home. He entered Maryknoll in 1929.



**REV. RALPH HENRY SIEBERT**, of Akron, Ohio, was a student at St. Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland, when he decided to become a Maryknoller in 1934.



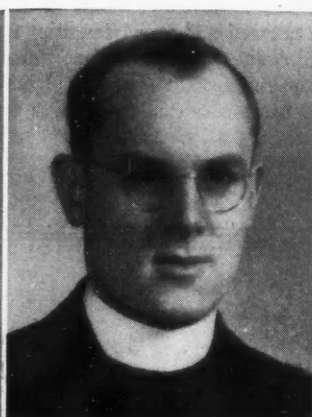
# Class of 1934

To be Ordained June 22, at Maryknoll, by McEllen

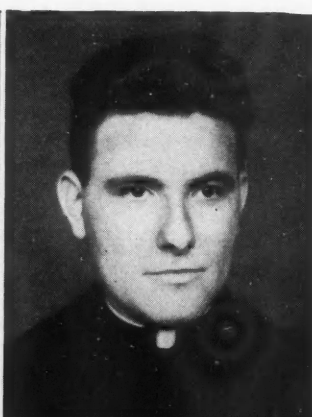
**REV. WENCESLAUS FRANCIS KNOTEK**, of Racine, Wisconsin, came to us from St. Francis Seminary in 1934. One brother and a sister are also in religion.



**REV. WILLIAM STANLEY McDONALD**, of Ridgewood, Long Island, is a native of Brooklyn. His ordination rounds out twelve years of study at Maryknoll schools.



**REV. THOMAS PATRICK O'ROURKE**, of New York, began his studies at Maryknoll College just after finishing Holy Name School, New York City, in 1928.



**REV. LEO JOSEPH WALTER**, of Cincinnati, Ohio, an alumnus of Purcell High School, entered our ranks in September, 1932, at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary.



REV. JAMES JORDAN LOGUE, of the Bronx, New York, has two aunts, Maryknoll Sisters, in the missions. He came to Maryknoll in 1932 from Cathedral College.

fore

REV. LEO JOSEPH WALTER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, an alumnus of Purcell High School, entered our ranks in September, 1932, at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary.

CKNEY  
Count  
Some  
ts, his  
He en  
1929

**REV. WARREN DANIEL BRENNAN**, of Cincinnati, Ohio, went from Elder High School to St. Gregory's Seminary for two years, before coming to Maryknoll.

**REV. MICHAEL JOSEPH MC-KEIRNAN** is our first vocation from the Spokane diocese. He came to us from Pomeroy, Wash., in 1934. His sister is a Maryknoll novice.

**REV. JOHN DENNIS MOORE** is the fifth Maryknoll priest from Cumberland, Maryland. He entered Philosophy at Maryknoll in 1934, from St. Charles College.

**REV. JAMES ANTHONY SHERIDAN**, of Washington, D. C. attended Holy Comforte School, Gonzaga High, and Catholic University, before entering Maryknoll in 1934.

*1941*

by Ellency, Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, D.D.

TER, of  
alum-  
School,  
in Sep-  
Mary-  
ry.

**REV. ROBERT HENRY WINKELS** is a native son of St. Paul, Minnesota. After studying at Cretin High and Nazareth Hall Prep, he joined our ranks in 1934.

**REV. MICHAEL HENRY O'CONNELL** is the sixth priest that the archdiocese of San Francisco has given to Maryknoll. He entered Los Altos College in 1928.

**REV. EDWARD LEO KRUMPELMANN**, of St. Paul, an alumnus of the University of Minnesota, entered Maryknoll from Nazareth Hall Prep Seminary in 1934.

**REV. AUGUST ROBERT KIRCHER**, of Brooklyn, has been at Maryknoll for twelve years. He attended St. Alphonsus School and St. James Pro-Cathedral High



**REV. MICHAEL ROMEO GAIERO** claims Haverhill, Massachusetts, as his birthplace, and Boston College as his Alma Mater. He has been at Maryknoll seven years.





# CONVENT CINDERELLAS

By SISTER ANNA MARY

IN the mountain villages of the Kaying Vicariate, the principal work of the Maryknoll Sisters is the apostolate of the road. On one of his first visits to our convent, Bishop Ford looked out over the countryside and pointing to the many homes scattered among the rice fields said:

"Go into every one of them! We priests go through China converting men, but the backbone of idolatry is the devout female sex. The Chinese mother is the real molder of the faith of her children, and an enduring Church is founded on her conversion. You must bring Christ to oriental women in their homes."

In and out rice fields, and up and down mountains, we go. Our aim is first to make friends with the women, then to try to interest them in the True God, and finally to teach those who have become interested enough to study the doctrine.

One hot noon day, on our way home from a morning of house-to-house visiting, we were met by the Village Ruler's wife. She had a favor to ask. Would we take her sick slave girl? We explained that we have no orphanage and referred her to the pastor. Much to our joy, Father asked us to take in the poor girl, if she would not be too much of a burden and would not interfere with our work.

The slave girl came the next afternoon, with her little bundle of ragged clothes. Her legs were so wizened and crippled from rickets that she could hardly walk. She seemed to feel that much would depend on her first few moments in her new home. Holding up one skinny finger

to command attention, she pleaded her cause. With the one outstretched finger she indicated how, when she got better, she would carry the water and sweep the floor for us. And as for Father, she noticed that when he smokes that foreign cigar it gets smaller and smaller: some day, she will buy him a long metal pipe that will not be "heat-destroyed."

A bath, a hair cut, and a new blue dress might have been thought transformation enough. But we gave her a new name, too—to help her forget the past.

This was her story. She had been bought by the Village Ruler's wife, to be her slave. When insufficient food and many beatings made the little body thinner and thinner, and the head seemingly bigger and bigger, she was sold to an opium-smoking beggar to be his bait for arousing sympathy. Endowed with unusual intelligence, she begged efficiently for her new owner and gathered in as much as thirty cents a day for him to smoke away. Meantime she herself became yet more starved and woebegone.

Then somehow she got back to the Village Ruler's house. Rumor has it that during her days of begging, whenever anyone asked her who she was, she always answered that she was the Village Ruler's slave girl, thus causing him to "lose face."

Calling the ruler's wife *bac bac* (mother), as slave girls do, she said quite simply without a trace of resentment, "In my *bac bac*'s house there are so many children!"

"And there was no room for you to sleep?"

"No, no room. And they would beat me. My *bac bac* doesn't want me any more."

"But the Blessed Mother wants you. She has called you to come and live at her convent and be her little girl. Would you like to be named for her—*Maria*?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered wonderingly, while her big eyes and shrewd smile seemed to say, "I hope I don't wake up and find that this has all been a wonderful dream."

The last and best surprise for *Maria* was discovering a companion of her

Our aim is first to make friends with the womenfolk.







Sister Anna Mary (above) has spent seven years as a missionary in South China and is now returning to the Motherhouse critically ill. She is the author of a course in Christian Doctrine in the local Chinese dialect, published in twenty-five small volumes, the last of which is due to be published this month. The missions lose a fine worker.



own age—little blind Ah Yan Moe, whom we had taken in some months before because no one else would care for her. It was beautiful to watch the love that grew up between these two children. Ah Yan Moe was always ready to run errands for Maria, who couldn't walk; Maria, as she learned to read, was eager to share everything she read with her little blind friend.

One day we came upon them in the convent yard, standing beside the big colored doctrine chart we use for catechism lessons. Maria was explaining to Ah Yan Moe the story of Our Lord's temptation. Holding the blind girl's hand in hers, she was guiding her fingers along the outline of Satan's figure, prone at the feet of Christ. "The nerve of the devil!" said Ah Yan Moe.

By then Maria was strong and sturdy. It had been a long battle to build up her wasted body. Now she more than fulfills her promise to carry the water and sweep the floor. Meantime, through her eyes, her blind friend has learned all the prayers and the catechism answers. Both are now adept at teaching other children their prayers and catechism.

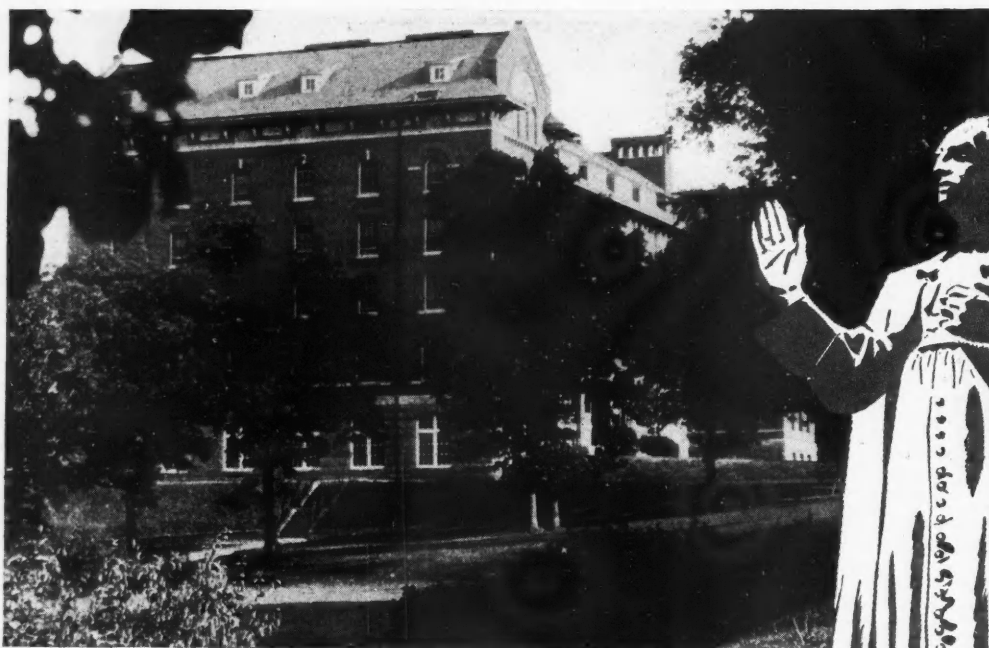
Thus our little convent Cinderellas have become apostles, helping to fulfill the prayer inscribed on the much-prized picture which was sent to them by Father Matheo—"May the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart come in China!"



## THIS MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

How can I show Him my love?  
Best of all by trying to make others love Him, too!  
Sponsor a Sister at one dollar one day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.



High above the Mississippi at Dubuque stands Loras College. "An exceptional feather in its cap," says our contributor, "proves that Loras builds good men not only for college years but for the life that follows later."

## Sixteen Maryknoll Sons

**M**R. KING was no half-hearted investigator. Like a little Napoleon he stood in the middle of our campus, legs apart, hands behind his back, his open gray jacket blowing in the breezes.

"Sports?"

"Yes, Mr. King, plenty."

"Football?"

"Particularly football, Mr. King. We believe in strong bodies."

"And the spirit, the soul—do you think of that?"

"Mr. King, can you imagine a Catholic college leaving that out? It would be Hamlet without the Dane. The school's very name comes from a bishop—Bishop Loras, the pioneer of Iowa, first Bishop of Dubuque, and founder of the college."

"But it isn't those four college years that count most; it is the forty years after college that interest me."

"You are right, Mr. King: the test is not in those four years but in the decades that follow. Throughout the State of Iowa and in the neighboring States, successful business men, representative citizens, loyal and zealous Catholic family men, constitute the majority of Loras

graduates. You will find many devoted priests who also are Loras graduates.

"But Loras has accomplished even more than that. It holds first place among all schools in the country for an achievement which is the proudest possible tribute to the height and depth and breadth of its ideals. Loras has seen sixteen of its graduates choose as their life careers the vocation of going overseas as apostles of the Lord in foreign missions—as members of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll.

"Six are already in the field in South China, two are in Korea, one is in Japan, and seven others are completing their seminary course."

"Someone fed out inspiration for an accomplishment such as that."

"True! Teachers and students deserve the credit, but particularly Father Steffen, Father Ament, Monsignor Wolfe, Father Martin, and Dubuque's present fatherly head, Archbishop Beckman. They did not think of college years only, but of life, of enduring accomplishment for the world Church and for the world."

"Evidently. Well done, Loras!"

—G. J. K.

# Religion Comes to the Colonel

**"And it came through a beggar woman," said the colonel as he told the story to Father McGurkin**

**W**HEN I was twenty-one years old, I enlisted in the army. Meanwhile, I had communications with evil spirits, and from this cult I developed an ability to heal people. The results were astounding. Every year, on the last night of the twelfth month, I went off to the tomb and waited for the evil spirits. One of them would always come, and 'twas thence I derived my healing ability.

It was in the second year of Kang Te (1935), on the thirtieth night of the twelfth month, that I first waited in vain for the spirit. It did not come; I knew not why. On the fourth night of the first month I had a dream: I dreamt I saw *Hu Fa Wei Ni* [He knew the devils by name, mind you!—*Ed.*]; he was aboard a boat, lying in a little cabin, face down. I said, "I'm looking for you." He looked up quickly; then, seeing who it was, again thrust his head down on the boards. I got down off the boat, walked away—and then woke up.

In the third month of that year, old Lay Kuo, a beggar woman, coming to our door, said to my uncle, "Honorable Master, you ought to come into our Church."

My uncle said, "I have no interest in getting religion."

Later, however, I heard my uncle talking over this matter with Teacher Yu Cheng Chai and the old father of Headmaster Chang. Both these teachers professed the Lord of Heaven's religion, and my uncle was on very good terms with them. I heard them telling him the good points of becoming a Catholic. It sounded good to me, too, and I asked the Elder Tsui and Doctor Lin Shu Ching to bring me to the Church.

In the third year of Kang Te (1936), on the twenty-ninth day of the third month, I was baptized by Great Priest Kang Tsun Liang (Father Comber). My godfather was Doctor Lin Shu Ching. Later I was confirmed. My sponsor was Teacher Yu Ching Yang. Truly, I have been loaded with God's blessings!

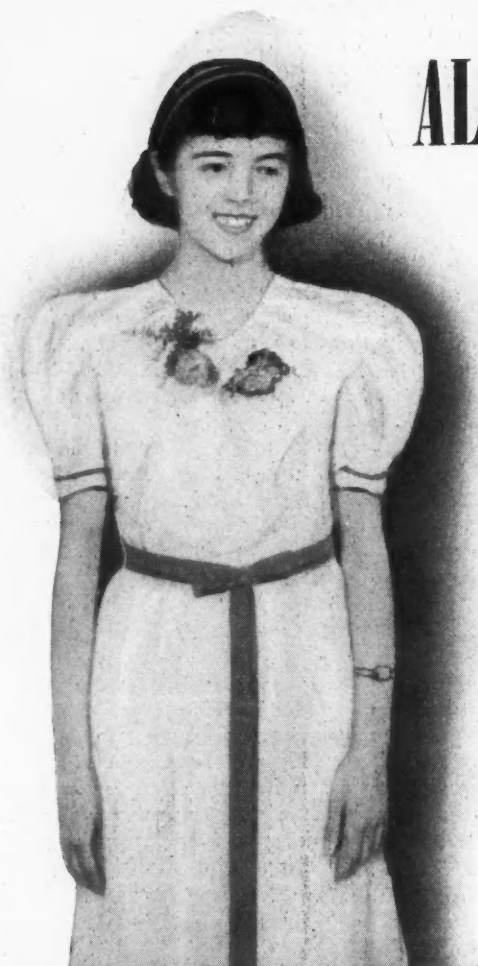
Colonel Yang's story, as told by himself, ends here. His pastor, however, adds: "The colonel is a daily attendant at Mass and Holy Communion. He is the first in church on the dark cold mornings of midwinter. His charity in adopting homeless waifs into his own happy and numerous family; his selflessness in finding food and lodging for the pilgrims from the country who come to the town for the big feast days; his generosity in leading every popular subscription when funds are needed—verily, these prove 'tis good that religion came to the colonel."



*By* REV. EDWARD A. MCGURKIN

*To Thomas Smith, F. M. S.*

# ALONG *the* MARYKNOLL



**KAYING, SOUTH CHINA** Two attempts were made recently, by an unnamed local resident, to rob the Catholic seminary of this city. According to Father Joseph E. Bogaard, the first attempt was mildly successful, the thief making off with a few articles of little value; but the second attempt was different.

The seminary household was awakened at about midnight, Father Bogaard says, by the insistent barking of "Bananas," the mission dog; but, since none of the residents thought the barking was more than the expression of a canine opinion of the moon, no one got up to investigate. In the morning, however, evidences of nocturnal marauding were plainly noticeable, and a quick tally of the seminary possessions showed that the robber's loot consisted of one alarm clock, a lantern, and the cook's "Sunday-go-to-meeting" trousers. None showed great concern over the theft except the cook. But a greater respect was shown for "Bananas," who acquired the title of "watchdog."

Several nights later the barking was heard again, and the seminary faculty rallied to the call as a single man, and in various degrees of dishabille ran quickly out into the chilly night to take a "look see" over the property.

Left: Miyeko Tagawa, graduate of the Maryknoll school in Los Angeles, won the All-Japan Oratorical Championship in Tokyo recently, after only a year's residence there. Below: Pacific Coast Maryknoll Brothers with their director and retreat master gather at Los Altos for their annual exercises.





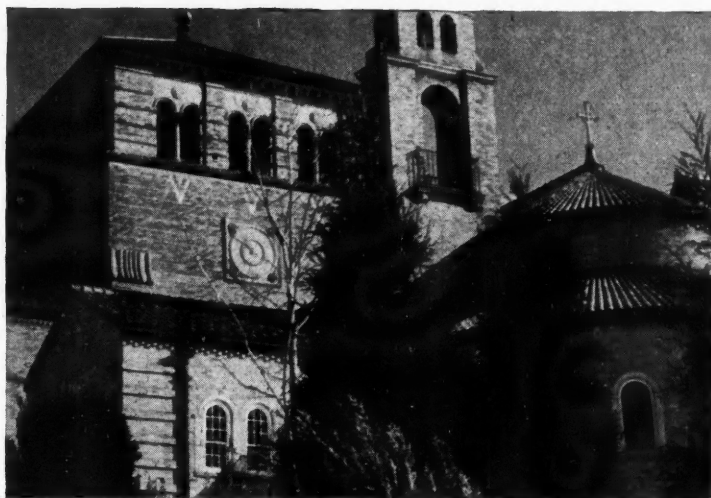
# NEWSFRONT

At the rear of the seminary they found the midnight visitor half-way through the kitchen window. He was holding the stolen lantern in one hand and was neatly trousered in the cook's favorite garment. He said that he had come back merely to return the alarm clock. He was accompanied off the property by the cook, who returned in a few moments with the recovered trousers.

"The thief was really wasting his time," said Father Bogaard, "because that alarm clock never worked." The cook had no comment to make, but he had a subtle gleam in his eye as he flicked a speck of dust from his best trousers.

**SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, CALIFORNIA** Father Reginald Markham, new pastor of the old mission, told our local scribe that he got quite a thrill recording his first San Juan baptism in the register of this mission. The records started in 1797, the year the mission was founded, and are quite complete, because this is one of the few Pacific Coast missions which always had a priest in residence. Father Markham was greatly impressed by the different signatures of the padres: many of these are rather ornate, ending in startling flourishes.

In commenting on the interesting museum at San Juan, Father Markham said: "Brother Louis has arranged many of the beautiful old vestments—some of which were brought over from Spain almost two hundred years ago—together with cinctures big and strong enough to tie up ocean-going boats. But what has proved of greater interest to me . . . are some of the books in the museum. One of them, for plain chant, handwritten, contains the proper of Masses for Sundays and the big feasts. Another, for polyphonic chant, shows the four voices written each in red, black, green and light-blue inks. The prize



Exterior view of chapel, Maryknoll College, Pennsylvania

of all is the book, published in 1775, dedicated to The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary—almost a hundred years before Rome declared the dogma we love so well.' The museum of the Old Mission, under renovation, promises to be more interesting than ever.

**LAIPO, SOUTH CHINA** The mission dispensary of this town has many interesting cases, but we like best the one which Father Edwin J. McCabe tells of a "female Bob Feller," who demonstrated a control pitching that might well be envied. A little boy recently stepped up to the dispensary counter and asked for malaria medicine. When he saw that the cure was in the form of a pill, he hesitated to comply with the rule of eating it then and there. His mother came on the scene; and, after a few words from her, the boy opened wide his mouth. The mother took the pill, brought her arm back as if there were a man on first, and with an enviable curve let the pill sail into the deepest recesses of the open cavity. One sip of tea, and the problem of swallowing a malaria pill was solved for all time. The boy went away happy, not noticing the laughter that went up inside the dispensary.

## EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 472.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 189,300 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count 76,240 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.

# Grandmother Loh's Great

By REV. ALONSO E. ESCALANTE

**C**HOLERA! The very word strikes dread into the hearts of those who know how quickly and ruthlessly it carries off its victims. A few months ago it struck the vicinity of Hong Kong. From houseboats and nearby villages, sufferers hurried into the city, hoping for medicine or relief. Hospitals were crowded.

Not far from a little Catholic convent stood a dark, dismal building. There were taken the poorest of the poor, and the care expended on them was truly negligible. The Sisters were at prayers in their convent when a messenger came to the door. A Catholic woman in the nearby hospital was calling for a Sister—would one come?

"Let me go, Mother," pleaded Sister Anne. "I can understand several of the village dialects."

So Sister Anne and Sister Praxedes began what was to be a most satisfactory apostolate. The Catholic woman was quieted, a priest was brought to her, and then the Sisters went from bed to bed—Sister Praxedes in the children's ward and Sister Anne in the women's. A pillow freshened here, a fevered brow cooled there, and always a prayer, a word of encouragement, hope.

But hope seemed to have little place in those squalid surroundings. So the Sisters got permission to go daily and visit both wards. In less than two weeks they had one hundred and thirty-six baptisms to their credit.

Yet Sister Anne was not satisfied. There was one old lady, brought in from a distant village, on whom Sister could not seem to make much impression. While Sister spoke of God, the old lady listened with closed eyes and merely bowed her head in thanks. Three such visits seemed of no avail, and then the next day was the first Friday of the month. All the Sisters at the convent knew about the old lady who was surely dying, and at Sister Anne's request they joined in a special prayer after Mass that old Mrs. Loh would open her heart to the divine heart of Christ.

The yellow faces lighted up anew as Sister Anne entered the dark ward that morning. Some of the ladies stroked her hand, others looked at her beads, but all of them smiled a welcome at her words: "The Lord of Heaven loves you very much. Trust Him. Don't be afraid! Soon all this pain will end, and you will never

know pain again—only happiness with God."

Grandmother Loh's bed was at the end of the row. Before Sister Anne reached that spot, she noticed that the old lady was watching her intently, and hope rose in the Sister's heart. Finally she was there, but, before she could speak, the aged one said: "This Jesus that you have been telling me about, you brought Him with you today!"

Sister Anne was puzzled for a moment, but the sick woman went on quickly, "I see Him there, standing at your left side."

"Just how well can you see Him?" Sister asked, so frightened that she could scarcely hear her own voice.

"Oh, I see Him very clearly. His heart is shining right through His coat, and fire is coming from it. What are those little prickly things around His heart?"

"Thorns?" asked Sister Anne.

"Yes, thorns. And around His head, too. Doesn't it hurt you, Sir?"

"What else do you see, old mother?" asked the nun quickly.

"He has lovely eyes," she answered. "They are so kind, so gentle. Why don't you help Him carry that thing on His shoulders?"

"What is it?" queried the amazed Sister.

"It's a big piece of wood. But His hands are bleeding. How did He hurt them?"

"He loved you and me so much that He let men drive nails through those hands and through His feet when they hung Him on the cross, like this." Sister raised her crucifix to the old lady's eyes. "He died to save us from eternal death."

"But He didn't die—He's there by your side!" she answered wonderingly. Then, suddenly, a light came into her face as though someone had told her a great secret. Old Mrs. Loh joined her hands reverently and, with a little bow towards the nun's left side, said softly, "Of course, of course! Well, then, you must baptize me."

"First I must teach you a few things!" Sister Anne began, but the old one interrupted.

"No, it will not be necessary. He loves me, He died for me, He is my Savior. I must go home with Him."

So Sister baptized her, with hands that trembled not a little. "I'll come back this afternoon to see you," she promised as she began to move on to the other beds.

"Let me hold your little cross until you come back," pleaded Mrs. Loh, and Sister detached it from her rosary.

It was a frightened Sister Anne that hur-

**She never told the secret to anyone, but you may discover it in this factual story. Only the names of people and of places are fictitious**

# Secret

ried back to the Maryknoll mission to tell the priest there what had happened. In his easy, practical way, Father Bertch said: "Why, she was just remembering some picture she had seen. Don't get excited, now."

"But, Father,"—and Sister Anne was trembling anew—"Mrs. Loh had never heard of Our Lord before I spoke to her. She hadn't even seen my crucifix until today. Three days ago she was brought in from the Village of Hidden Wells—that was the first time she had ever left the place, and there's no church there, or mission nearby. She thought I was a nurse at first, and during my visits to her—until today—she never opened her eyes."

"Well, I'll go to the hospital with you; and, if she's strong enough, I'll bring her Holy Communion in the morning."

But Grandmother Loh stole a march on them all. When the priest and Sister approached her bed, they found the old lady dead. Sister's crucifix was clutched tightly in the aged wrinkled hands, and a smile that could have come only from heaven illumined her whole face. The grimy hospital ward somehow did not seem so repulsive as before to Sister Anne. There was about it something of the glory that shines from the Sacred Heart of a loving Savior.

## SACRED HEART, SACRED HOME

(Continued from page 7) "From there, after dodging mud puddles in a few more winding alleys, we came to a squat, tin hut. The family counted four generations—all present. The hut was too crowded to allow us to enter; so, while a few scattered drops of rain fell, we blessed the house from the doorway. Meanwhile, the children—expectantly silent—pressed close to our little circle. The older among them, sensing solemnity, tried—alas, in vain—to hush the crying of the babies strapped to their backs. Other children called off the dogs, lest in their over-zealous welcome they imprint their muddy paws on our surplices.

"When one of our guides asked the old granny's age, her granddaughter quickly replied, 'Seventy-five!'

"How do you know, when I don't know myself?" corrected the old lady, her tanned wrinkles deepening as she tried through half-seeing eyes to get a better look at the new Father.

Mrs. Loh joined her hands reverently and said softly: "Of course, of course! Well, then, you must baptize me at once. He loves me, He died for me, He is my Savior. I must get myself ready now, because I have to go home with Him."

"Our prayers were most fervent when we prayed, 'O Heavenly Father, Almighty God . . . bless this house and all who dwell therein and everything else in it, and do thou vouchsafe to fill it with all good things.' There was so little in the hut, and so very little of 'good things.'

"The last house had in it a half attic, a sort of large shelf reached by a ladder, where the children slept at night and from which two of them now stared at us.

"As we left the last house, rain began to fall; but, had there been another ten houses to bless, the rain would have held off. Lord, send us another ten houses! Thy Sacred Heart is greatly honored here."



# Sail away to Punahou

**P**UNAHOU SCHOOL, one of the most famous institutions of learning in the Hawaiian Islands, was opened in Honolulu in 1841 for the children of Protestant missionaries. California was then a wilderness, and for many years some California families sent their children on sailboats to Punahou to be educated.

As a missionary of the vicariate, the late Bishop Stephen Alencastre built opposite Punahou School a stone church dedicated to the Sacred Heart. One of his first acts as bishop was to invite Maryknoll to send priests and Sisters to assist the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts in evangelizing

the Hawaiian Islands. When the Maryknoll priests arrived, the bishop placed them in charge of his former chapel of the Sacred Heart.

Under Bishop Alencastre's able direction and leadership, the Maryknoll Fathers were encouraged to

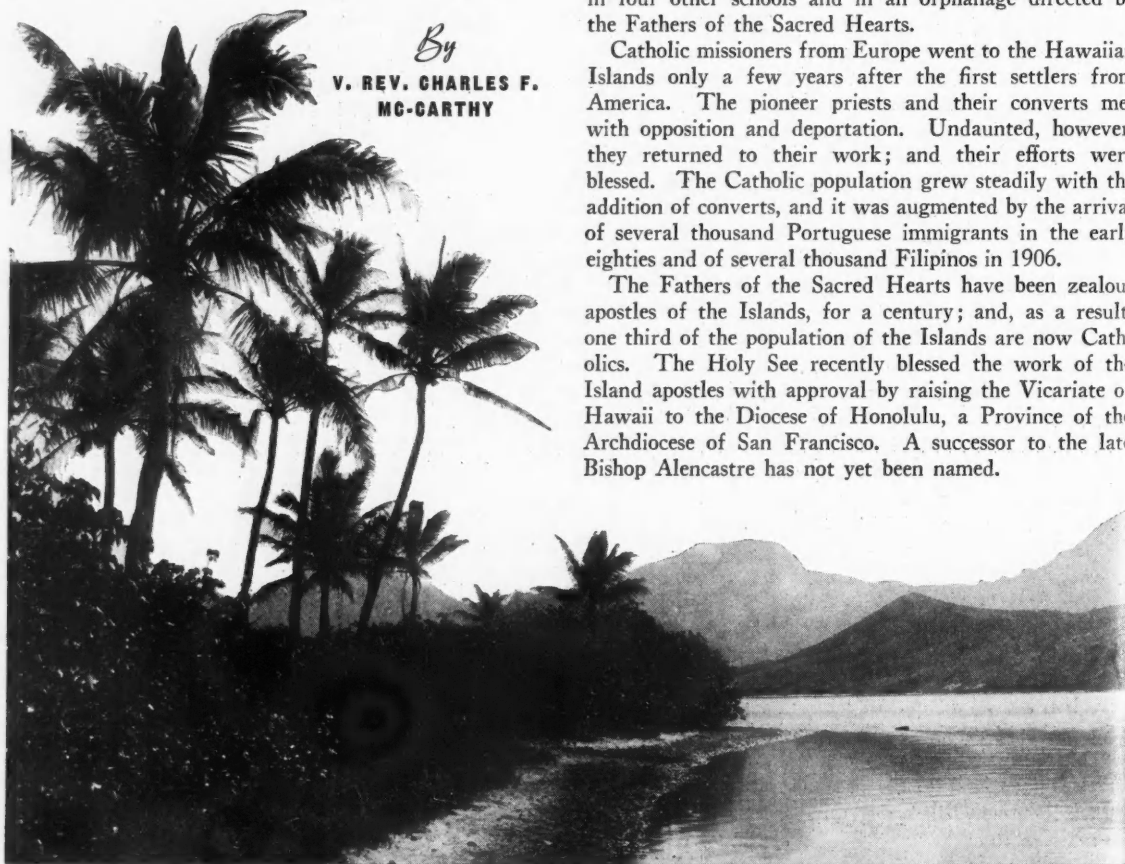
build a rectory, school, and convent. The Catholic schools of the Islands had always enjoyed a splendid reputation, and the Maryknoll school proved to be no exception. It grew in popularity and reputation until it has almost equaled in number of pupils, though of course not in physical appointments, its century-old neighbor across the road. Of the 207 new pupils this year, 120 were children of oriental parents; and Father Coulehan, the pastor, writes, "We had to refuse admission to some 300 children because of lack of room."

The Maryknoll Sisters are teaching 2,000 children in four other schools and in an orphanage directed by the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts.

Catholic missionaries from Europe went to the Hawaiian Islands only a few years after the first settlers from America. The pioneer priests and their converts met with opposition and deportation. Undaunted, however, they returned to their work; and their efforts were blessed. The Catholic population grew steadily with the addition of converts, and it was augmented by the arrival of several thousand Portuguese immigrants in the early eighties and of several thousand Filipinos in 1906.

The Fathers of the Sacred Hearts have been zealous apostles of the Islands, for a century; and, as a result, one third of the population of the Islands are now Catholics. The Holy See recently blessed the work of the Island apostles with approval by raising the Vicariate of Hawaii to the Diocese of Honolulu, a Province of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. A successor to the late Bishop Alencastre has not yet been named.

By  
V. REV. CHARLES F.  
MC-CARTHY







# The Shoe That PINCHED

Left: Seminary tower from the new wing. Below: Two student rooms in the making

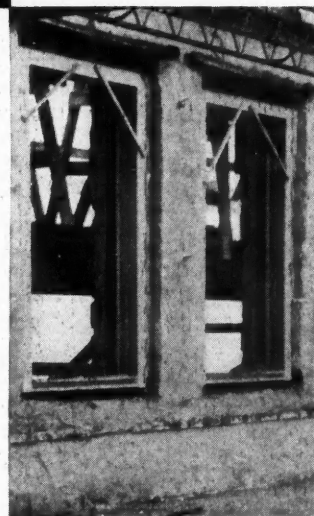
It looks as though there will be "standing room only" at Maryknoll this September. We have reservations for 172 students of theology and philosophy, the largest number to be quartered in our major Seminary building in the thirty years of Maryknoll's existence.

We have had to shift all the philosophy students from our College in Pennsylvania to the Home Knoll, because the College would be far too crowded by the new arrivals. But please don't conclude that we are getting more students than we need! No, far from that! We could use many times our present number. It's just another case of the "shoe pinching." But that's an old Maryknoll story. We have always been pinched for room since our farmhouse days in 1911.

While each and every room will be taken in one sense, yet in another sense they have not all been taken. We refer in a particular manner to the 62 new rooms that are nearing completion. We have occupants for every one of these, but so far only 32 of them are paid for. So we are more than anxious to find takers for the remaining 30.

We realize that few persons are in a position to give the full \$500 required for a room, yet we are afraid that many persons do not realize that, even though they cannot wholly donate a room, they may share in the cost of one. Any amount will be welcome—from the full \$500 down to a single dollar. Contractors are nice people, but we can't expect them to work without being paid.

As long as we are already past the half-way mark, it should not be difficult to finish the rest of the course with flying colors. So we have high hopes that things will happen between now and the end of the summer. Shortly after Labor Day the new students will be upon us, and we should like them to move into rooms that have been bought and paid for! Get in on the ground floor before all rooms are taken.



**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,**  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

It is my wish to give \$..... towards the \$500 needed  
for a room in the Maryknoll Seminary.

Name .....

Address .....

# Oriental ODDITIES

**W**HEN most of the western world was still slumbering in barbarism, Chinese history—by documentary evidence—was inaugurating its first dynasty, that of Yu, in the year 2159 B. C.

Yu it was who, as Minister of Public Works under Kings Yao and Shun, first curbed the flood waters of China's tempestuous rivers. He deepened the river beds, he raised their banks, he dug canals to provide them with additional outlets and designed reservoirs to hold their surplus waters. To this day, much of the flood control now existing in the world is founded on the primitive engineering marvels of Yu. From the viewpoint of utility, his accomplishments deserve favorable comparison with any engineering of that era in western Asia and Egypt.

Yu ruled over China, then located northeast of the Yangtse valley, when it was the size of modern France. As king, although China was then composed of feudal states under the kingdom, Yu understood and practiced, side by side with paternal absolutism, certain fundamental principles of democracy. Stories told of him in Chinese folklore exemplify this.

When the primitive Miao tribes rebelled, Yu led out his army and proudly berated the Miao while exhorting his own soldiers to battle. Yu was defeated. His wise minister admonished him that his pride caused the failure:

"Goodness moves Heaven and can reach to any distance. When you are proud, you lose; but when you are humble, you win: this is the way of Heaven. If truth and goodness move Heaven, will they not also move the Prince of Miao?" Yu bowed to this wisdom, withdrew his army, and so regulated his kingdom that his example won over the Miao to their proper allegiance.

Yu sincerely wished to know the feelings and desires of his people. He hung at his palace four instruments: a drum, a gong, a rattle, and a large musical triangle. If a man wanted to tell Yu how to be a better king, he struck the drum; if he wanted Yu to do something for the public good, he beat the gong; if an injustice needed to be corrected, the victim shook the rattle; if there was rebellion or famine or flood, the messenger beat the triangle. At the sound of any of the instruments, Yu sent a servant to admit the author into his court, where he

listened to his story and acted upon the caller's advice.

On one of his tours of inspection, Yu stopped at a farm to quench his thirst and was given the fermented juice of rice mash. When he felt the stimulation of this alcoholic beverage, he ordered it poured on the ground, remarking, "What misfortune this will cause!" The inventor of the wine was sent into exile to shield the people. But the

secret was not lost.

On seeing criminals chained in work gangs, Yu wept, feeling that their crimes were due to his imperfect government. As he aged, his talents did not confine themselves to material prosperity. He acknowledged the necessity of public and private morality and sought to lead his people in the paths of rectitude.

One wonders what the history of the world would have been if Christianity had permeated China earlier in its development. With such virtue as a basis, aided by a high degree of Chinese intelligence, China might well have rivaled the great Catholic countries of Europe in the quality of its faith.

## OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

(Continued from page 9) that vast country, west of China, between Tibet and Russia. About two years ago, Russian agents ordered their arrest. A few escaped by a tremendous journey through Tibetan border country to India, and at Calcutta reported the fate which had befallen their confreres. Silence then descended upon all that was Christian in this land of Central Asia.

But the astonishing story now reaches us that these priests, instead of being killed, were held incommunicado for over eighteen months. Three were in one prison, and yet for over a year were unable to learn whether any of their companions were alive or dead.

For an unexplained reason, the group was recently freed, and reached Lanchow, in far northwestern China, after five weeks of travel by horse cart and ox cart.

The missionaries were as men entering a new world. They had heard nothing of the war or of events outside Sinkiang. On May 21, 1938, the Holy See had erected their territory into a Prefecture Apostolic, and had named their leader as Monsignor, but they received word of this only in 1941.

"When we learned all that had taken place during our imprisonment," said the Prefect, Monsignor Ferdinand Loy, "our suffering did not appear so great. We received treatment we shall never forget; our bodies no longer want to carry on the struggle. But time will remedy these disorders. Our mission lies in ruins, but here, again, time will decide as to its rebuilding."



# BOOKS *and the* MISSIONS

**A** WORD first of all about recent Maryknoll books and how they are faring:

Thomas and Anna, the two Chinese children in *The Long Road to Lo-Ting* (Longmans, \$1; paper edition through Maryknoll, 25 cents) are fast becoming known all over the country—in libraries, homes, and classrooms. Readers all have the same reaction: they want more—more of Julie Bedier's stories and more of Louise Trevisan's illustrations. By fall at least one more book about Thomas and Anna will be ready.

Readers of *When the Sorghum Was High* (Longmans, \$2) have organized a FATHER DONOVAN CLUB. The members of this club aim to keep every copy of the biography on the move. The club is on the hunt for readers, readers, readers! A non-profit paper edition can now be had at Maryknoll for fifty-five cents each. There is also a special FATHER DONOVAN CLUB offer: with four copies at fifty cents (total \$2), a fifth copy of the non-profit edition will be sent free.

A dissertation prepared by Sister Jeanne Marie of Maryknoll for the degree of doctor of philosophy at the Catholic University of America is now ready. The subject—*Means of Fostering the Missionary Vocation in Catholic Primary and Secondary Schools*—should be of particular interest to teachers of religion. (Maryknoll, \$2)

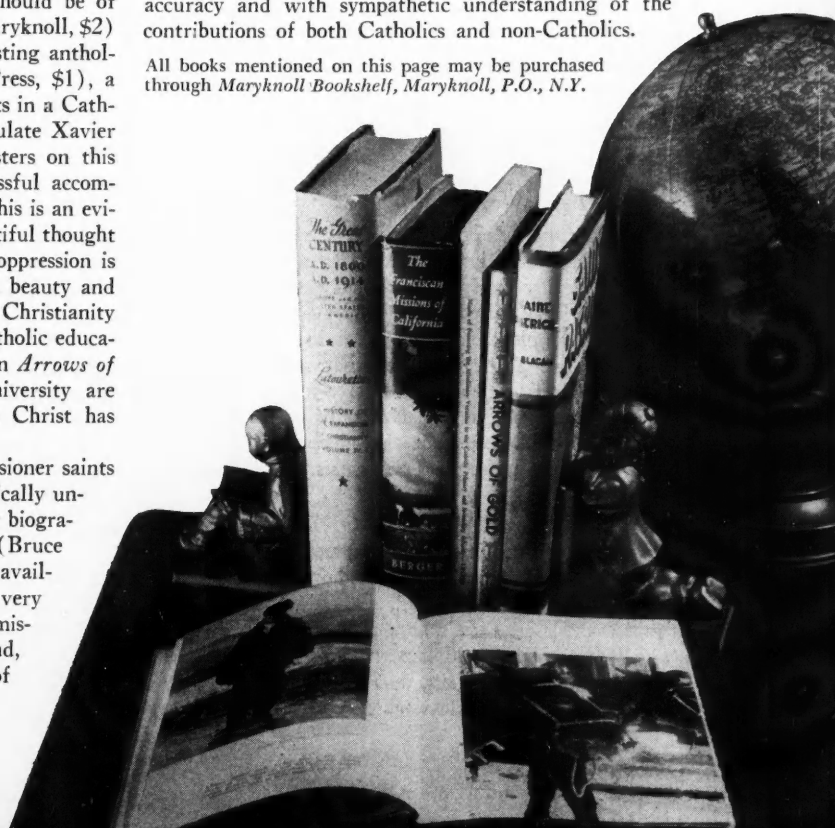
From the Deep South has come an interesting anthology, *Arrows of Gold* (Xavier University Press, \$1), a collection of verse written by Colored students in a Catholic college, Xavier University. We congratulate Xavier University and Mother Drexel and her Sisters on this little volume, but most of all on the successful accomplishment of a great mission work of which this is an evidence. Sister Madeleva expresses a very beautiful thought on the fly of the book: "Here a century of oppression is lost in the restored inheritance of music and beauty and the great qualities of the mind and the soul. Christianity fulfills its injunction to teach all nations; Catholic education approximates its mission of universality in *Arrows of Gold*. The Colored youth of Xavier University are singers of that inspired freedom wherewith Christ has made us free."

Saint Patrick is among the best-known missionary saints—but with details of his life and work practically unknown. Hugh de Blacam has written a new biography, *Saint Patrick: Apostle of Ireland* (Bruce \$2.25). He drew on all the historical data available and produced a popular picture of a very human character, a tireless and successful missionary. Patrick's work endured: pagan Ireland, which he converted, has been a stronghold of the Church for almost fifteen centuries.

The author of a new book on the California missions (*The Franciscan Missions of California*, by John A. Berger. Putnam, \$3.50) gives in attractive style the history of the foundation of the missions and also some account of the restorations made in recent years. But Mr. Berger, speaking of the padres' work as a "tremendous experiment in racial culture" and a "noble effort to raise a pagan race to the white man's standard of living," fails to understand that the aim of the padres was primarily spiritual and that the rest was a means to an end. The work of those early Franciscans, because it did not endure, was not futile. The salvation of souls was the primary work of the missionaries: in so far as they saved thousands of souls, they achieved the most enduring success possible.

Professor Latourette of Yale has completed the fourth of a seven-volume series on Christian expansion (*The Great Century (1800-1914): Europe and the United States of America*, Harpers, \$3.50). This volume reviews at length mission work among the Indians and Negroes, but the chapters on the general Christian advance during the nineteenth century—in both Europe and the United States—are the most interesting. Professor Latourette, while always regretting the divisions in Christendom, presents the picture of Christian expansion with historical accuracy and with sympathetic understanding of the contributions of both Catholics and non-Catholics.

All books mentioned on this page may be purchased through Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, P.O., N.Y.





The mission workers at St. Joseph's Academy, Cleveland, include two Crusaders, sisters of Maryknollers.

## Their Only Hope

**S**OME of our readers are perhaps familiar with another publication of ours, "The Maryknoll Junior," a paper edited by Father Chin for children in the elementary grades. Recently Father Chin asked his young readers, members of "The Pen-Dippers' Club," to write about their hobby, or on any foreign-mission subject they wished to choose. He was buried beneath an avalanche of replies from the little missionaries, and in helping to unearth him we noticed one particular essay that we felt you, too, would like to see. It is from a twelve-year-old San Francisco girl, Suzanne Wolf. Not only has Suzanne the makings of a writer, but she also gives promise of being one who will never forget the missions. Read her essay, which follows.

### AMERICA IS THEIR ONLY HOPE!

"The Catholic missions are in dire need! Europe, which was their main support, is involved in a dreadful war. France, Italy, Spain, Poland, Germany, and Czechoslovakia cannot feed their own people, let alone support the missions. What will happen to the missions? The missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters, who have given up everything to teach the pagans about Our Lord, can-

not give up now. Without the priest to say Mass and hear confessions, and the good Sisters to teach school and nurse the sick, the newly baptized converts would soon fall back into their evil ways. All the good that has been done for them would be wasted. America is their only hope! It is the duty of all Catholic Americans to share in the support of the missions.

"Long ago in Ancient Rome every man had to serve for a time in the Roman army. If he did not wish to serve and was rich enough, he could send another in his place, but he had to support the man.

"Our Lord said to the Apostles, 'Teach ye all nations.' That command was meant for everyone of us without exception, but we all cannot go. Like the rich man, we must send someone in place of ourselves, which of course is the missionary. Therefore, it is our duty to support missionaries. America is the only country that can do so at this time. America is their *only* hope! We will *not* fail our Catholic missionaries!"

The same spirit pervades St. Joseph's Academy, Cleveland; its students—pictured above—cover the whole field of mission activities each year. Members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, St. Joseph's girls engage in drives for almost anything, from canned goods, chewing gum, and stamps to vocations.

And not to be outdone by girls, the boys of Cathedral Latin School in Cleveland are building up in themselves and companions a healthy spirit of mission-mindedness that augurs well for the future.

All these boys and girls will be the men and women of tomorrow. They will be well acquainted with the missions and the needs of the missions by that time. The missions look to these young people as "Their Only Hope."

Our sponsors, in their unflinching support of one or more missionaries, are evidently of the same mind, too. That they count it a privilege to share in our work for souls is evidenced by such letters as these:

"My participation in your work, as a sponsor, has brought me a peace and a happiness of which this world knows not."

—Ohio



"Of all the causes to which I have contributed my small mite, you have been the most appreciative. One would think I were giving ten dollars a month, instead of one."  
—California

"People would call me 'poor,' but I am so rich in grace because of my monthly contact with my missionary that I have never stopped to consider the sacrifice I must make for him who is sacrificing so much more for souls. I send this month's offering with a grateful heart."

—Pennsylvania

"The simple little stories of the great things Maryknollers are doing on the other side of the world prompt me to have a greater part in your work. This is the first of what I hope to make a regular monthly offering. If those valiant men and women doing so great a work for souls cannot look to us for support, what will become of them? I am trying to interest some other friends in this same idea."

—New York

"My mother's life was despaired of. Doctors stated that if she lived she would be demented. I could not pray, lost courage. Then I read of Mother Cabrini in *THE FIELD AFAR* and appealed to her in desperation. I found peace, and marvelous to relate, my mother has recovered without the loss of her mind. God be praised! Please make known this beautiful favor."

—California

#### WE ANSWER YOU AT ONCE

All money for Maryknoll and the missions will be acknowledged with thanks the day it is received. If you do not hear from us promptly, write at once to avoid any possible loss.

**Boys of Cathedral Latin School, Cleveland, help the missions.**



#### THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers,

It has been my desire for some time to help support a missionary, but I have never been able to find what I could call an extra dollar. In looking back over the month to see where my carefully budgeted money goes, I found that by not getting a morning paper I could save almost 25¢ a week. So now on Monday mornings I put a quarter in a Maryknoll envelope, and I'm going to be able to send a dollar a month from now on.

Compared to your great needs I know this is very small, but I mention it in the hope that someone else who has greater means might be inspired to do a little "paring down," too.

Incidentally, I must tell you that at a time when we are in greatest need of light, amidst so many tragedies that threaten to engulf us, your magazine is truly a ray of sunshine. It has made me conscious of my obligation to help—even in this small way—to spread the word of God, and it has inspired me to be a better Catholic.

Please don't thank me for this insignificant offering. Instead, accept my sincerest gratitude.

—C. D. L., Cincinnati, Ohio

#### DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Very Rev. Joseph Emia; Rev. P. J. Ford; Rev. John N. Adams; Rev. Daniel A. Barry; Sr. Mary of St. Constantine Adam; Sr. Mary Eucharist McQuaid; Sr. M. Madeline Walsh; Mrs. Mary McGee; Mr. Bernard Doherty; Mrs. M. E. Morrissey; Leo S. Terhaar; Mrs. Virginia Makowski; Teresa Reilly; Mrs. Elizabeth Winifred O'Neil; Mr. Frederick Stork; William E. Bowe; Mr. William J. Hopkins; Mr. James J. Clune; Mr. Kenneth Muehlberg; Mrs. Emma Heatt; Mrs. Beatrice J. Cornell; Miss Ellen M. Mahoney; Mrs. Genevieve B. McHefley; Mrs. Mary A. Streila; Mrs. McManus; Mr. John Quinn; Mrs. Margaret T. Holy; Mrs. Minnie Ryan; Mr. J. J. McGuire; Mr. Edward Rainville; Mr. Patrick Keyes; Mr. Edward J. Hornsby; John Casey; Mrs. J. P. Cronin; Mr. James Mundy; Mary C. Quirk; Delia Curran; Mrs. Mary E. Reilly; Mr. J. N. Spitter; Mr. John McGuinness; Mrs. Elizabeth A. McGarity; Miss Mary Anthony; Mr. Francis McMenamin; Mrs. Elizabeth Broker; Mrs. A. Jordan; Mr. John J. Quinn; Miss Nellie Scarry; Mrs. Bertha Hug; Mr. Anthony Melanson; Mr. Joseph Donohue; Mr. Michael McNamara; Mr. Henry Wm. Deaser; Mr. James Farrell; Sara Kruse; Mr. Leonard Hill; Mr. Stephen J. Ritchie; Mr. Harold J. Riddle; Mrs. Mary A. Leekinger; Mr. Walter Hanley; Mr. Janus; Agnes Dawson; Mrs. Katherine Winkel; Peter J. Burke; Mrs. Rose Hermeling; Cecilia Olivia McShane; Mr. John J. Banks; Mrs. Anna McGlue; Joseph Seeman; Mr. F. J. Rhoda; Sara Loughran; D. F. Shea; M. Nevin.

#### MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.



## CAMP VENARD

### SEASON 1941

Camp opens  
Saturday, June 28

Camp closes  
Saturday, August 23  
Eight Weeks

#### ACTIVITIES—

Athletics, hikes, tutoring,  
canoe hikes, sports, drama-  
tics.

#### PROJECTS—

Painting, leather craft, land-  
scape gardening, property  
upkeep, nature study, first  
aid, life-saving, tree surgery,  
photography, sanitation.

#### RATES

Full Term .....	\$110
Four Weeks .....	55
Shorter Period, per week....	15
Registration Fee .....	5

Registration Fee is credited  
to camper's bill.

For further information write to:

**CAMP DIRECTOR**  
**CAMP VENARD**  
Clarks Summit, Penna.



#### CATHOLIC SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio • Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md. • Sacred Hearts Academy, No. Fairhaven, Mass. • Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. • St. Michael's College, Winooksi Park, Vt. • St. Aloysius Academy for Boys, West Chester, Pa.

#### CATHOLIC COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS

Trinity College, Washington, D. C. • St. Xavier's College, 4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill. • Barat College & Academy of Sacred Heart, Lake Forest, Ill. • Rosary College, River Forest, Ill. • St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md. • Maryville College, Meramec St. & Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo. • Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H. • Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J. • The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y. • College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, N. Y. C. • Marymount College & School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y. • Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa. • Rosemount College, Rosemont, Pa. • Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, Milford, Conn. • Junior College and Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind. • Marycliff Academy, Arlington Heights, Mass. • Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass. • Sacred Hearts Academy, No. Fairhaven, Mass. • Academy of the Sacred Heart, Fall River, Mass. • Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass. • Academy of the Visitation, 5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo. • Saint Vincent Academy, 226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J. • Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y. • St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y. • Academy of the Holy Child Jesus, 630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C. • Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y. • Our Lady of Mercy Academy, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y. • Mater Misericordiae Academy, Merion (Phila.), Pa. • Villa Maria Convent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada • St. Ann-on-the-Lake Academy, West Palm Beach, Fla.

#### SCHOOLS OF NURSING

St. Camillus School of Training, Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich. • Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

## ADDRESSES

### The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Sem-  
inary, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.  
Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.  
Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.  
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:  
Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.  
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.  
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.  
Mountain View P. O., Calif.  
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

#### Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley  
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83  
Honolulu, T. H., 1701 Wilder Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St.  
Manila, P. I., St. Rita's Hall  
Cebu City, P. I.  
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.  
San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St.  
San Juan Bautista, Calif.  
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

#### Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mission,  
Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mission,  
Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mission,  
Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll, Kyoto,  
Japan

For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mission,  
P. O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mis-  
sion, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

### The Maryknoll Sisters

#### Central Addresses

Motherhouse and Administration: Mary-  
knoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,  
Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri,  
Box 23, Heijo, Chosen

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen  
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los  
Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon-  
tong, Hong Kong

#### NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

:::

Charles Street, Baltimore

Catholic College for Women conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.  
Academic Department—High School Course of College Preparatory Grade, Elementary  
Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture. For Catalog address: The Secretary.

# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

## HELP WANTED

**THE HOPE OF THE HARVEST** in Kaying as elsewhere rests in native students for the priesthood. \$5 a month will support one of the 30.

**CITY OF NO CONVERSIONS**—a thing of the past for Wuchow. But the hundred and one catechists (at \$15 a month each) must be paid to keep up the good work. Help one!

**ADDITIONAL READING** for Kyoto converts means an outlay of \$20 a month for Catholic literature. Help solve this problem.

**ANOTHER ROOM—ANOTHER STUDENT**—\$500 will ensure room for one more in the new wing of Maryknoll's Seminary. See page 27.

## BUILDINGS AND REPAIRS

**SAVE THE SALVE** says the priest in Chuanchow's dispensary (Kweilin). Salve and pills run low. \$5 will furnish a month's supply.



A chapel like this in Wuchow can be furnished fully for \$200. Four chapels still need equipment for the Holy Sacrifice.



She doesn't need much space, this little orphan girl of Fushun, but there are 98 more of them. \$3 supports one for a month.

**THE ORPHAN'S HOME** at Chinnampo, Korea, has forty little ones who need \$3 a month each for their support.

**TEN MISSION SCHOOLS** in Kongmoon require \$500 a year each to keep going. Even a little will help.

**GIVE A MAN A HORSE HE CAN RIDE** or give a Fushun priest a rectory he can call home—\$1,000.

**MEMORIAL DAY HAS PASSED** before you read this. But you can have a lasting memorial in the new wing of the Maryknoll Seminary. See page 27.

## OPPORTUNITIES

**BLIND GIRLS HELP THEMSELVES** in Kongmoon. (See page 5.) But the bishop needs \$2 a month for the support of each of 20.

**INVALUABLE MEN**—Catechists who teach new converts. \$15 a month salary is needed for each of 100 such men in Kaying.

**NATIVE KOREAN SISTERS**—twenty all told—need \$15 each a month for support. Help one of them.

**IN MY EMPTY CELL I SIT**, sighs a Maryknoll Sister in Kyoto's mission. \$20 will furnish her cell—one of ten awaiting.

**PENNIES—SIX THOUSAND OF THEM** (\$60) are needed at Yunghui (Kweilin) to keep the roof from leaking. Roof tiles cost a penny apiece.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



## To the Missions They Go!

These three Maryknoll priests and eighteen others went to the Orient last year. Twenty more leave in July for fields afar on the other side of the Pacific. But Maryknoll needs many more missionaries, if we are to bring the blessings of Christ to the 25,000,000 non-Christian souls in the missions entrusted to our care. Would you give your life? Write, Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.



